

# Oxford

# Democrat.

VOLUME 5.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1838.

NUMBER 44.

**OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY  
G. W. MILLITTE.

**TERMS**—One dollar and fifty cents in advance  
One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of 10 months.  
Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at

the option of the Publisher.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** inserted on the usual terms  
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**COMMUNICATIONS, AND LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE**  
addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

**NOTICE TO READERS FOR THE DEMOCRAT.**

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**

When I glance my eye over the map of this interesting country, and think of the situation, climate, soil, its mighty rivers, lakes, mountains, and the vast extent of territory, both inhabited and uninhabited, and even the enterprises, energy, inventive powers, perseverance, and the elevated spirit of the citizens, and the freedom and immunity of our institutions, and when I reflect too on what is past, and what may be, in years to come, I feel a sort of an inclination to live a century or two longer, that I might witness what America may be, if she is only true to herself, faithful to her trust.

In the first place, America had an origin peculiar to herself, different from all others we read of—existing before the unfolding banner of persecution, our forefathers sought this land, as a refuge, a resting place, from the intolerant rage of bigoted zeal, and the devouring wealth of despotic insolence and pride; and here they came, to the then barren shores of New-Hampshire. By chance they landed on the rock of Plymouth—I would say by chance; for it was, and still may be, that all wise power directed them there, to found this vast empire, free and independent, having, after incredible hardships, and expense of blood and treasure, crippled the power of the British lion, and roared from our shores, her legions of mercenaries and armed ruffians, she now assumes the second rank among the nations of the earth.

All the power in Asia and Africa, the citizens of America are known in every land are respected by friendly, and dreaded by hostile nations, her flag waves in triumph, rides in safety in every ocean, and none can now insult her with impunity.

Who can contemplate our growing Republic, and not feel a glow of national pride, that he was born an American citizen, and breathes the free air of liberty, and has his home in a country that is so interesting to his origin, so free in her laws and government, and bids so fair to rival all other nations on the globe, by her disinterested love of liberty, her expansive beneficence, her energy, her patriotism and her devotedness to the cause of human weal?

Citizens of America! I would say to you as I would to my own family, forget not the station you occupy, the responsibility that rests upon you to preserve the liberty transmitted to you from your ancestors, at vast expense of treasure and blood; O see to it, that you act not unworthy of the memory of your ancestors, but preserve with the most persevering energy and vigilance the rights which the Constitution guarantees to us and our posterity. Stick to the Constitution of your country, and in the Union of the States; it is a true saying applicable to these States, "United we stand, divided we fall."—What though, we do not live ourselves to see the grand consummation of our new era, a political form of government, and to witness a hundred millions of happy freemen sheltered by the tree of liberty, and giving influence and example to the nations of the world, our posterity may, yes, they will witness, one of the mightiest, most virtuous, least free, and benevolent nations that ever existed under heaven. *Zeno.*

"THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS OF THE WOOD."

Poets and sentimentalists have given vivid descriptions of the feathered choir, uttering their melodious strains, in woods and groves; and with the aid of a warm and inventive imagination, have painted almost every grove, as a paradise, abounding in beauties ever fresh, and pleasures over new; however sweet and delightful these descriptions may appear, and however much our hearts may desire to have them so; we find the reality to fall far short of the fervid representation, and however reluctant we may be, we are obliged to acknowledge, that there are no songs, so sweet and enchanting, no place, so agreeable and enchanting, in this degenerate world, as those set forth in the pages of the Poet and sentimentalists; but still after making some discount on their exaggerated and glowing delineation of these celestial groves, and vocal songsters, we are certainly cheered, and exhilarated, and sometimes soothed and delighted, with the warbling notes of the feathered choir, in some seasons of the year; so that, our woods and orchards, not only afford pleasure to the eye, when clad in their summer robes and resplendent foliage, but give music to the ear.—Among the most interesting in our clime is the Robin, or Red Breast: I am often delighted with her matin song, at early dawn, when I first awake from my slumbers, perched on some tree, or object near my dwelling she pours forth her melodious notes, and it often strikes me, that she seems conscious that she is not uttering them in the empty air; nor in the ears of men alone, but to him too who strolls the eastern sky with morning splendor, and causes the day spring to visit our clime, and diffuse joy and cheerfulness to man and beast, and bird; her early song too, seems admonitory to me, what, perhaps are wrapped in deep thoughts slumber, when they ought, like the Red Breast, to be offering their morning salutations and thanksgiving to the beneficent Giver of all good; I have sometimes heard her early admonitory voice, and thought of the admonition, rose from my bed to breathe the fresh air, and unite with this pious monitor in celebrating the praises of Him, who giveth to all their life and all things; and what is more proper than that he should have the first of our services and the prime of afflictions, by whose goodness we were created, and on whose bounties we live from day to day? Shall we be outdone by irrational animals, in the most noble and exalted services, that can engage the hearts and powers of created beings?—In the torrid zone, where milder climates, softer air, and a serener sky yield a more luxuriant foliage, and perpetual bloom, nature seems to have added beauty to the birds of the air, a gaudy plumage and a sweeter song; but exterior ornaments and decorations add lustre and attraction, to be sure, to what is visible to the eye; but

they do not render the homage of the heart any more acceptable to him who regards nothing so much as the state of the affections.

Some are shocked and alarmed at the grim and low-swinging voices of the owl; as if he were some dismal out-creature, and not fit to be reckoned among the feathered tribe; now such feelings probably arise from the association of ideas; we are apt to connect the idea of darkness, gloom, deserts, holes and caves of the earth, and old solitary habitations, with this eccentric bird; we are prepared to say, that this bird does not fulfil the duties assigned him, and is as incapable in the performance of them, as other birds;

his voice, to be sure, is often heard in the dark and silent time of night, when other voices are mute; and in places, where no other creature would wish to reside; and may we not reasonably conclude, that he was intended to supply the vacuity, that would otherwise be unemployed and unoccupied? And in view of the subject, we may learn never to despise others, however their manners, features, and circumstances may differ from our own, or from what we judge to be proper and estimable; but ought to suppose all are fulfilling the purposes for which they were created, and are employed in the several spheres assigned them, by an all-wise Providence, who notices the sparrow when he falls; and who is no respecter of persons, and who for his own glory, has made every living thing, however great or small it may appear to us, for some noble, some exalted purpose.

**THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.**

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We would complain loudly if a tax of that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add all that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way annually quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was empty, all space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "We lost it my dear; positively, there must be hole in my pocket!"

I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after I met Tom Stebbins. How did that ice-cream set? said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And I spoke it flushed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me next morning at breakfast that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there really?"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; there was a poor woman at the door, she said, that she'd promised it to for certain. "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; but vacancy returned horrid groan. "On my soul," said I, thinking to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am; it's gone I totally gone!" My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pants—before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrank from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pocket leaked worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted; the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate; as an Irish song says, "And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'More, That his purse had the more rents, as he had the lower."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum, I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame on him!" I replied, "he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along

any how, and in these times it ain't right for him to do it." My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought

one to two pecks of seed are sown to the acre; when regard is had principally to raising seed; from two to three pecks, when the crop is for seed and fodder; and when it is exclusively for fodder, from three pecks to a bushel of seed is used to the acre. When the produce is cut for seed and fodder both, it is cut when only a part of the seed is ripe.

Ruta Bata will generally yield more spun the first of June than it will when sown at a later period. They may in favorable seasons do pretty well when sown as late as the 20th of June; and some farmers sow still later; but we should prefer sowing Dale's Hybrid, the Norfolk or common English turnip, if we could not sow as early as the middle of June.

CARROTS sown the latter part of May or the first of June will yield more than those sown later, but pretty good crops may be raised from sowing as late as the 20th of June; we have raised at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre when sown as late as the 20th of this month.

BARLEY. The sooner barley is sown the better, though it sometimes produces good crops when sown a week or fortnight after this time.—Yankee Farmer.

#### TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.

There are different opinions as to the best season for cutting timber; some persons recommend cutting in the middle of the winter, as the sap is then still, others prefer the middle of the summer, and many recommend cutting in the fall, when the sap is down, as the saying is. —We have no doubt that timber cut in the fall or in the winter, will last longer than that cut in the spring or first of summer, if the sticks of timber be larger and the bark remains on so that the timber cannot season; and the quantity of sap in it will doubtless hasten its decomposition, if the sap cannot run out or becomes dried.

We have noticed that timber cut in June, when the bark peels freely, if it is of a proper size and well situated to season through, is very close, heavy and durable. We have heard joiners observe, that timber cut in June makes the most solid, heavy and durable plane stocks; and we have heard those engaged in ship building observe that timber cut in June would last longer than that cut at any other season.

Yankee Farmer.

Kennebunk, May 14, 1838.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—If you think the following worth a place in your paper, please insert it. In the spring of 1830, while preparing a small plat of ground to plant with cucumbers, I accidentally scattered a few grains of common mustard seed over the ground. I planted the cucumbers about the 20th of May. The mustard came up first, and as the ground was in a good state of cultivation, grew rapidly; when I weeded the cucumbers I let two or three stalks stand around the edge of each drill. I likewise planted a small spot of ground with squash; about three rods from the cucumbers, which was no mustard. About the 10th of June, those well known troublesome insects called the yellow or striped bugs made their appearance in great number on my squash, and although I used my best exertions to prevent it, literally destroyed them, while my cucumbers remained undisturbed by them; I kept a constant watch and never saw a bug on them for the season; about the middle of July I pulled up the mustard without any inconvenience to my cucumbers. I tried the mustard with the same success last year.

[Saco Democrat.]

From the Boston Post.

#### RESCISSON OF THE SPECIE CIRCULAR.

The desirable though unimportant act, as was expected, is suddenly laid hold of by Mr. Biddle, and hypocritically made the subject of special rejoicing. It was perfectly well understood months ago, and so declared by leading men in the democratic party, that the Specie Circular had effected, and admirably effected, all that it was intended to accomplish by its original mover. So general was this feeling among the democrats, that some weeks since efforts were made by friends of the Administration in both branches of our National Legislature to obtain its rescission, not because it was working any mischief in the community, but because it had become a dead letter, and was used as a political *bug-beer* by unprincipled demagogues at the head of the federal party to shake the confidence of the people in Mr. Van Buren's Administration. The Independent Treasury Bill, which passed the Senate some weeks since, and which was voted for by every democrat in that body, with the exception of those made powerless by instructions, rescinded this very *odious* Specie Circular. In the House, Mr. Boon, for some time past, has exerted himself to effect the same result, directly in that body, but the whig members would not agree to it; they invariably voted against a suspension of the rules of the

House, which, till this could be effected, excluded all action on Mr. B.'s resolution. The

truth is, the federals did not desire the rescission of this Order. By dint of falsehood and misrepresentation, they had worked their own

party into a belief that this Circular was put on hold its place amidst the undying execra-

tion as a measure of hostility to the local and state banking institutions, and so vehement and boisterous has been their clamor that not a few *quasi-democrats*—timid men who merely hung upon the skirts of the party—have become inactive or passed into the federal ranks. The leaders of the whig party saw this, and notwithstanding their violent and long speeches against it, determined it should not be rescinded. But at length circumstances, over which they had no control, were producing a new state of things.

The banks in the city of New York determined on a resumption of specie payments. Our foreign debt was either paid off satisfactorily disposed of—specie had been brought into the country in quantities fully adequate to all the wants of the sound and well-managed banks, and practical business men saw and felt that nothing was wanting to secure and complete our prosperity, but a return to specie payments, on the part of the suspended banks. This Mr. Biddle was determined to prevent. In the first bank convention held in New York, he had friends and panic-loving partisans enough to defeat the object of the advocates of immediate resumption. The Convention adjourned without doing any thing further than to fix upon a day for a new meeting. As this day approached, the money king began to mature plans to defeat once more the determination of the New York bankers. Agents were sent to Boston and other principal cities in the North to influence, not merely politicians, but active business men, against a restoration to specie payments. So sanguine were his hopes of success, that he at once entirely laid aside the character of the financier and assumed that of the politician. His ridiculous, not to say silly, letter of April 5, 1838, to the Hon. John Q. Adams, showed not only the designs and hopes of the man, but the support he expected to receive from the friends of a National Bank.

This manifesto was, however, too glaringly political: the friends of a United States Bank became alarmed; and to weaken the force of the blow which all felt was working, the ruin of whiggism, the leaders of the bank party found it necessary to make a *show* of abandonment of the daring, politico-financial autocrat.

If the N. York banks before this letter made its appearance were doubting as to the propriety and feasibility of immediate resumption, all such doubts were instantly dispelled on its publication.

Before the meeting of the second convention, it was perfectly well understood that the New York banks would resume, whether or not they were joined by other banks in the cities of the Northern and Middle States.

They did so at the appointed time fixed among themselves. But Mr. Biddle had gone too far to retract suddenly. He had declared resumption unsafe if not impossible, and made known his determination to remain exactly where he was, preparing to resume, but not resuming.

The resumption in New York was effected, as every intelligent man predicted, with the most perfect ease and safety. No exorbitant demands were made on the banks, every thing connected with money matters slid quietly into its old and long accustomed channel, and business, like a re-created phoenix, suddenly leaped into life and activity from the ashes of the recent exploded system. The event stamped with falsehood and baseness the predictions and conduct of Nicholas Biddle. His power and influence began to wane; his friend Clay dare not come to his rescue, and it became evident to all that nothing short of a miracle or windfall could save him. The former he could not hope for unless performed by his namesake—the latter came to relieve him in this dreadful ultimatum of distress. The Specie Circular was rescinded! This was the straw at which the sinking, drowning autocrat caught! Ridiculous and absurd as this may seem, it was the last and only hope of the distinguished financier.

He at once had recourse to his pen, and through his old channel, the Hon. J. Q. Adams, relieved the anxiety of his disconsolate friends in a very laconic announcement:

There is not an intelligent man of any sect or party in the United States so warped by prejudice as not to see through this miserable ruse of Mr. Biddle. Every man of common sense and common honesty saw long ago that the whole object of the Specie Circular had been accomplished and that it remained upon our records important, and a dead letter; as perfectly harmless as any Roman edict issued three thousand years ago. Under its existence the New York and some Boston banks resumed specie payments, and whig banks as most of them are, not the slightest manifestation of alarm was heard from them. Mr. Biddle found himself pushed to the last extremity—his paper at a discount—his reputation shaken, and all his hopes of profiting by a longer suspension forever annihilated. He resorted to a miserable subterfuge in order to escape from the odium and disgrace which his own arrogance and folly had brought upon him. He resists: but his resumption is the offspring of compulsion voted against a suspension of the rules of the

community, and not to Nicholas Biddle. By it, he may render censure dumb, but he cannot escape contempt. Like Lord Kenyon, he may live to damn the statute that compels him to be honest, and like the same Lord Kenyon into a belief that this Circular was put on hold its place amidst the undying execra-

tion of an outraged people—scorned and despised by his contemporaries, quoted as a scourge by posterity.

#### 'ALL THE DECENCY.'

We should be extremely gratified, if we knew the name of the worthy man, who first presumed to claim for the present 'Whig' party the exclusive possession of 'all the decency all the morality,' &c.

It was the famous Talleyrand, we believe, who once remarked, that 'words were invented to conceal a man's true sentiments—to deceive others in regard to his true thoughts and opinions,' and our conclusion is, that the author alluded to, intended this compliment to the federal party, as an ample illustration of the hypocritical maxim of the French turncoat.—Certainly it is, that the conduct of the party has been the farthest removed from any suspicion of decency, as could be possibly imagined.

The disgraceful conduct of that oracle of newfangled 'whiggery,'—that prince of slang-changers—H. A. Wise—conduct, too, which has received the open commendation of the federal press, is, of itself, sufficient to negative all claims to decency, which the party have so arrogantly assumed.

The recent atrocious conduct of John Bell, in attacking, with his own hands, in the Hall of the Representatives, another member of the House, while engaged in debate, is a still more striking commentary upon these *decency* pretensions of the federal party. Bell is one of the prominent 'whig' champions in the South—the man, more than all others, who is depended upon to secure the vote of Tennessee for Henry Clay, at the next Presidential election—the man, who was exhibited at the North on the eve of the fall elections, and was received with open arms by our *all the religion exclusives*—accompanying by that other pattern of federal 'decency,' Wm. J. Graves, whose hands are reddened with the blood of the lamented CILLEY.

Are these the men to instruct the moral and intelligent people of New England—the descendants of the virtuous puritans—in the rudiments of political duty? Are these the men, who are held up to the citizens of the North as patterns for their imitation, with the preposterous claim of possessing *all the talents—all the decency—all the religion?* And these very men, these bullies and murderers, were received amid the plaudits of thousands, in the cities of Boston and Salem, with an enthusiasm which the Romans manifested when they 'put on their best attire,' and 'flung up their caps for joy,' to welcome the return of their mighty Caesar.

We might propose to the truly moral and religious oft-repeated question, whether they can *conscientiously* lend their influence to countenance and uphold a party, the leaders of which are so grossly culpable, so deeply guilty—with hands imbrued with the blood of innocence—and are so far forgetful of their own dignity and the character of the nation, as to convert the House of Representatives into the arena of personal conflict—desecrating it by scenes of the most despicable rowdiness?

Saco Democrat,

We have to record still another illustrious example of *whig decency*—a transaction completely and undeniably 'whig, in all its parts.' Biddle, of Penn.—a brother, we believe, of the celebrated Bank President, and an open, uncompromising federalist—charged Downing, of Florida, another equally good and uncompromising member of the same party, with *falsehood*, during a debate of the Indian bill in the House, on Monday week. Downing exclaimed, 'do you impugn falsehood to me?' at the same time *CATCHING SOME MISSILE*, and making some demonstrations to advance upon Biddle. The latter repeated his accusation, and meanwhile the members had much difficulty in restraining Downing from making any further attempts upon Biddle.

Here is another deeply disgraceful scene, lying directly at the door of *decency federalism*. Truly, we have fallen upon evil times, when the representatives of the 'freest people on earth' cannot mingle in debate, without resorting to measures which would disgrace the arena of a cock-fight or the midnight revels of whiskey-guzzling loafers at an Irish fair.

These last combatants are said to be *amiable* men! If such is the case, we want to see no more specimens of *whig amiability*. We should infinitely prefer some other attribute, which would teach men to respect themselves, and prevent them from disgracing the nation in the eyes of the civilized world by such *amiable* exhibitions on the floor of the House.

It would seem to us, that these repeated acts of outrage, should demand the intervention of some speedy action to prevent their recurrence. The members of the House owe it to themselves and the country, to *EJECT* such blackguards from their body, and keep *PURGING* it of its i-upurities, until it shall be composed of men decent enough to refrain from personal rencontre, at least during the progress of the debates. If something is not speedily done to check the spirit of savage ferocity, which is every day manifesting itself among our public men, the patriot may well pause and seriously enquire, 'Where will it end?'

Saco Democrat.

The facts contained in the following communication will arrest the attention of our democratic friends throughout the State. They are from a source worthy the highest consideration.

#### IMPORTING FEDERALISTS.

It is time for democrats to arouse from the feeling of apathy which has prevailed for a year or more to a vigorous effort, if they intend to

shake off the shackles of federalism by which they are temporarily bound. It is no time to cry *peace, peace!* when our opponents are compassing heaven and earth to gain one proselyte. Conscious of their weakness and of the danger to their cherished hopes of success, it is believed they have adopted a regular system of *importing federalists from other States into all our border towns*. To what extent this system of *levying foreign troops* has been carried on, it is not in our power to state, for the business is intended to be managed with much secrecy. But a *leaky vessel* in New field has started a bolt and disclosed the scheme. Upon enquiry, it is ascertained that ten or more have already been imported into that town, and a messenger is now on a cruise to secure others. These persons are located in different federal families under the pretence of employment, in many cases with meagre wages, and doubtless will be discharged shortly after election.

These facts may be of local origin and design; but one remark may be made from them of general importance, which should attract the attention of every democrat in the State, and that is, our opponents in the approaching canvass will consider no effort too costly or too mean, which can secure them one vote. This is a dying struggle with them. All their hopes of future success depend upon the result. Their natural appetite for office is somewhat sharpened by the scanty meal afforded them at the cold collation so hastily prepared by Gov. Kent.—They pant for a full supply. That no efforts on their part may be wanting, they have commenced early and vigorously, and 'time and money will be wasted like water.' They have perfected a thorough organization and are amply supplied with federal papers for distribution and manifest a determination to put every thing at hazard to secure their ascendancy. Then let the democracy arouse. These unhallowed efforts must be met, not in the same spirit or in like manner, but by a call to reason, by circulating truth and exposing falsehoods, and by awakening all to the necessity of attending the polls.

From the Boston Advocate.  
WHIG OUTRAGE.

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1838.

Fighting in Congress.—Another disgraceful scene has just occurred in that bear garden, the House of Representatives. Heretofore it has been confined to words—it has now come to blows, and the deliberations of that exalted body, the House, have to be suspended, while the members form a ring round two of their associates to see fair play in a game of fistfights. Dirks and pistols are only wanting to complete the picture. They have already been used by Wise and Peyton in Committee rooms, and there is every encouragement to suppose, that, in the progress of Congressional refinement, they may be brought upon the floor, so that when one member is cornered by another, he may stick or shoot him down on the spot.

The scene to which I allude, took place today in the House, between Messrs Bell and Turney of Tennessee, in which Mr Bell was the sole aggressor. Mr Turney, as you well know from personal acquaintance, is a high-minded and honorable gentleman, and is as averse to engaging in personal conflicts, as he is fearless and resolute in meeting any exigency that may call for the exercise of these qualities.

In the verbal controversy between Gholson and Wise, on the floor, last Friday, no man did so much as Mr Turney in preventing the fatal consequences of that quarrel, which seemed at first inevitable. Mr. Turney is uniformly courteous, and as scrupulous in not offending others, as he is resolute in defending himself against insult. He and Col. McLellen are the only democratic Representatives of the Tennessee delegation. Bell controls the rest to suit his purpose, and has lost no opportunity this session, of riding over and insulting the minority in his State. He has become exceedingly exasperated by the exposures made in Tennessee, of his adhesion given to the Harford Convention federalists of your city, in his missionary tour there last fall. In his recent speech on the Indian Bill, he took occasion to let off some of his bitter feelings, and especially denounced the Administration for the very measures he had formerly sustained, affecting to speak in the name of Tennessee, which he treats as a sort of Province, to be used at his pleasure.

Mr Turney replied to this tirade, with great coolness point and effect. He concluded a eloquent and able speech, on Thursday, while the House was in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Howard in the Chair. He commented with severity, but in a manner strictly parliamentary upon the course of Mr Bell at different periods of his political career, holding up his trickling and doubling course in a strong light.

Mr Bell took the floor, obviously excited to scarcely restrain passion. He began by sneering at Mr. Turney. He said he knew but little of him, but looked upon him as a voluntary scavenge of others, not acting from the promptings of his own heart; but as the fit, apt, voluntary conduit of the malice of others. Mr. Turney did not interrupt even this grossly infamous personal abuse, and no one called to order, Bell went on. He denounced the political associates of Mr. Turney, in the House and out of it, as equally destitute of private honor or public principles. He had so charged them at home and here, but they never dared to meet him. He defied them to meet him privately or personally, and not continue their attacks upon the floor. He accused them of bad faith, falsehood and hypocrisy; and then added, that Turney was acting as their voluntary, willing instrument, as a tool—the tool of

No one called the man to order for reiterating this infamous aspersion, and Mr. Turney, very properly, interposed to protect himself. He sits immediately in front of Mr Bell, at the desk, and rising, turning round and looking Bell full in the face, said in a determined, but not excited tone, "it is false, it is false!"

Mr Stanley (whig) who had been entirely resigned while Bell was denouncing Turney, now called to order, but Bell disregarding this, as well as all other decencies, struck at Mr Turney in the face and hit him. The blow was returned with interest, and for an instant blows were exchanged between the parties. Bell is clumsy, and has no great nerve, while Turney is all vigor, and if a fair fight had been the object there was no doubt which would have been whipped. It shows how utterly desperate the passions of Bell was to drive him to such an outrage.

Turney's resolutions did not leave him for a moment. He was excited, but self-possessed, and did no more than repel the blows. After Bell's first strike, Mr T. emphatically repeated the assertion that it was false, and Bell again attacked him and was again repelled. All this passed instantaneously. In the mean time members rushed from their seats towards the combatants, with cries for the Speaker and the Sergeant at Arms. Dr. Duncan made the remark that such scenes were the natural consequence of the personal abuse which was going on there. Some other members had little verbal sparring, and it looked one moment as if both parties might take sides and engage in a general row. Such is the result of the reckless and insulting course of certain leaders of the opposition.

The Speaker hastily took the Chair, and read the rule of Jefferson's Manual, requiring members engaged in personal altercation to make submission to the House: and give a pledge to carry no matter no farther.

Wise now attempted to enact the part of peacemaker, a character in which he never appeared but once before, when he extricated his friend Bell from an issue with Leonard Jarvis, in the last Congress in which Mr. B. was awkwardly cornered by the sturdy republican from Maine. Wise now proposed for House to go back into committee, and let the matter blow over.

Mr. Fletcher of Vermont was unwilling to go into committee, without some notice being taken of this outrage upon the decorum of the House. Mr. Yell of Arkansas interposed in a conciliatory manner, and finally, after laying on the table two resolutions touching privilege, and Messrs Bell and Turney having voluntarily apologized to the House, though not to each other, the Committee of the Whole was renewed, and Mr. Bell went on with his speech.

There is but one opinion here among the discreet of all parties, and that is, that Mr. Bell has disgraced himself by conduct unworthy a gentleman. Mr. Turney stands well in the transaction. He has only repelled the grossest assaults, first in language, and then in personal violence.

From the Saco Democrat.

#### EXTRAVAGANT EXPENDITURES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The federal papers are raising a tremendous hue and cry about the expenditures of this administration and that of Gen. Jackson, as contrasted with the expenses which accrued under the domination of John Quincy Adams. A speech, emanating from one Bond, a slang-changer member of Congress of the Whig school, is the text-book from which the opposition editors draw their nutriment, and gather the materials for their long-winded tirades upon General Jackson and his extravagant policy. We shall believe them honest, and sincere in their blustering about extravagance, whenever we see them practising a contrary course, in any State or any capacity in which they may have the controlling power. We shall believe them honest, when we see them favoring any schemes of an economical tendency. We shall believe them honest, when they cease from urging appropriations upon the most trivial objects for the sake of drawing money from the treasury, and hence striving to impede the action of the government. We shall believe them honest, when we see something of this prating about retrenchment and reform, carried out in their principles and practice. Until we see something of this, we shall place just as much dependence upon their hypocritical whining about extravagance, and retrenchment and reform, as they will allow.

How stand the facts, about the monstrous mare's nest, which Bond has so miraculously discovered, and which is the burden of the song of all the opposition prints from one extreme of the Union to the other—filling the land with their bitter complaints about the land wicked extravagance of the past and present administrations, as though they had done nothing else than spend the money in the treasury for no good or desirable purpose whatever? The people demand something more than mere blustering assertions or a formidable array of figures concocted for the purpose of deception, especially from the presses of a party never remarkable for its adherence to truth.

The people are told, with much mock horror by these parsimonious patriots, that the expenses of the past and present administration have been greater than those under Mr. Adams. We grant it. We are not prepared to admit all that the federal papers say upon the subject, because we know much of it to be essentially false; nor do we place implicit reliance upon the assertions of the oracle, Bond, some of whose statements have been proved to be wickedly false, and many others are strongly suspected of being likewise false. Still, we

are willing to admit, that the expenses of Gen. Jackson's administration, were greater than those of his predecessor, Mr. Adams. Is there anything strange and wonderful and criminal and discreet, and stately, in this? Prove to us—convince the people—that these expenditures were UNNECESSARY, unsealed for the interests of the country, unauthorized by the appropriations of Congress—convince us that the money has been squandered upon useless and unworthy objects—and we, too, will lend our feeble voice, and unite in this discordant clamor about the extravagance of the administration. We, too, will shout about the *precept and practice* of retrenchment and reform, and all the other catch-words of a party, which never admitted in its calendar an iota of the principles of either

Before we are prepared to do this, however, we must be convinced that the last administration has done less, had less business on its hand, than that of Mr. Adams. We must, too, forget the numberless expenditures which have arisen under the formation of treaties with foreign nations for the purpose of receiving an equivalent for greater than the worthless, insignificant necessary expenses which must certainly be contracted.

We must forget the indemnifications, which Gen. Jackson's straight-forward policy extorted from France, Spain, Denmark, Naples, and elsewhere, which had remained unsettled under the administration of Mr. Adams. We must forget the numberless treaties with Indian tribes with our borders, and the consequent accession of territory and wealth to the nation. We must forget the almost infinite extension of post routes over our widely extended country, during Gen. J.'s administration. We must forget the progress of improvement everywhere, and the consequent increase of business in the different departments of the general government. We must forget all this before we can join in this bitter reviling about extravagance.—The people must forget all these things which the federal editors pretend to have forgotten, before they can be induced to mingle in this senseless jargon of the opposition press.

If the expenditures were increased under the administration of Gen. Jackson, it is evident that there was necessity and reason for it—and this attempt of the federal press to deceive the public upon this subject, will assuredly meet the deserved scorn and reprobation of an intelligent community.

North Eastern Boundary.—The President has transmitted to the House the copy of a letter addressed to him by Gov. Kent, enclosing several resolves of the Maine Legislature, and claiming reimbursement from the general government of certain moneys paid Ebenezer S. Geely, John Baker and others, in compensation for losses and sufferings experienced by them respectively, under circumstances connected with the Boundary question.

The President likewise communicated the letter of Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox, informing him that Maine declines to give a consent to the negotiation for a conventional boundary, is inclined to the reference of the points in dispute, to a new arbitration; but is yet firmly persuaded that the line described in the treaty of 1783, can be found and traced, whenever the Governments of the U. States and Great Britain shall proceed to make the requisite investigation with a predisposition to effect that very desirable objection. He invites Mr. Fox to a conference upon the subject, which the latter does not feel at liberty, considering the nature of his present instructions, to comply with. He has promised to transmit the note to Her Majesty's Government, in order that such fresh instructions may be furnished him, or such other steps taken, as the present situation of the question may appear to Her Majesty's Government to require.—Saco Democrat.

From the Bangor Democrat.  
"Resolved, that we will elect them."

This was a resolution reported at the first Federal Convention in Piscataquis County, by a committee appointed to draft resolution "expressive of the sense of the meeting." The present Commissioners were among the number appointed, and they have carried their resolution into effect notwithstanding the suffrages of the people declared otherwise. Rice, the federal candidate received 830 votes, Patten, (democrat) received 851, and yet Rice is declared elected! "Resolved that we will elect him"—and, gentlemen Commissioners, you have made good your resolve—for you, not the people, have elected him; but in so electing, you have assumed an authority which you will be called upon, by an irresistible voice to yield back to the people.

We have noticed in the first number of the *Herald of Federalism* pretended account of this election. The statement is not true, and the fellow who made it may yet learn that such falsehoods will not avail with the intelligence of this county. More anon.

KINGSBURY,  
From the Bangor Democrat.

APPEARANCES. From external appearances one would suppose that our federal opponents in this State were at this time altogether inactive, either resting in calm security, or entirely dispirited and appalled at the signs of the times, and the prospect before them.—Their dejection and gloomy forebodings can no more be questioned than their systematic and indefatigable secret exertions to avert impending danger. That the federal party expect to be beaten in September, is made manifest by the tone of the federal press, through private conversation, and by their system of tactics.

"Look at Rhode Island," says the Boston Morning Post, here the federalists made about a hundred removals in four days." The Post is mistaken—the removals made by the fed in our Legislat. are amount to more than three hundred,—and they occupied but a small portion of two days in doing up the job.



